THE

WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, June 4, 1803. [No. 35.

THE NUT-SHELL.

A TALE.

(Continued from page 266)

Bendorf. LOVELIEST, dearest, best Amelia, I hope you are not angry that I have kept you so long waiting upon me!

Amelia. (With affected coldness.) Who told you that I was waiting upon you?

Bendorf. My own heart.

Amelia. Do not believe the vain thing:—with me at least it has lost its credit. It used to promise and swear the most ardent passion; but now I perceive how soon it cools—you must care very little, Bendorf, whether I am in existence or not, since you thought it a matter of such indifference whether you were in time to bid me adieu—

Bendorf. O do not say so. Forgive me, fairest Amelia, an unexpected, an important obstacle: an invitation, which it was impossible for me to refuse—

Amelia. (Sarcastically.) Impossible! And who then was this inviter, who would not admit of any excuse? Was you not at Julia's?

Bendorf. To be sure: early this morning. You commanded me twice, and I punctually obeyed you. But afterwards—

Amelia. (Growing attentive.) Afterwards! And what afterwards?

Bendorf. As I was returning from her—

Amelia. Pardon me: about what time was this?

Bendorf. (With some hesitation.) About midday.

Amelia. So early? You have not then staid long there?

Bendorf. Only so long, as the commission you gave me, and common politeness made it necessary.

Amelia. (In a tone of affected gaiety.) Wonderful man! to stay so short a while with one of the most charming girls in town!

Bendorf. What pleasure can he find, whose eyes and heart are devoted to Amelia, in any place where she is not?

Amelia. How prettily that was said!—It is only a pity, that I have seen it already a thousand times in print! But not to interrupt your narrative—as you were returning from her—it was there you left off—What then?

Bendorf. I was met unluckily by Mr. Western, who stopped me, and as we have some affairs of consequence between us, invited me to dine with him, under the pretence, that we could then converse about them with more freedom. I politely declined his invitation; but he insisted upon it the more strongly, as I had but just before been imprudent enough, to own to him, that I was going home. I know not, dearest Amelia, whether you know him: he is an honest fellow, has much to say with the minister, is very willing to serve his friend, even sometimes at his own expence: but he has one capital failing, too great a tendency to be provoked. The refusal of the smallest request he makes you, very often puts him in a passion; and although his resentment is not durable, it is sometimes attended with dangerous effects.

Amelia. (With a courtesy of mockery.) Will you be so good as to leave for the present, your sketching of characters to Bruyere, and proceed in your story—you see, I am just upon the wing.

Bendorf. This character makes a part of my story—Afraid to provoke so irritable a person, of whose friendship I often stand in need, I at last accepted his invitation, went with him, and in spite of all I could say or do, was detained there till this moment.

Amelia. (In the most serious tone.) Bendorf, have I not often heard you say, that nothing hurt you so much, as when one wished to persuade you of a falsehood?

Bendorf. (Embarrassed.) To be sure!—but——

Amelia. Know then, that I am entirely of your opinion upon that subject; that I look upon him who endeavors to deceive me, however ingenious his invention may be, as affronting me in the most unpardonable manner—you need not look at me so strangely—It is you, Bendorf, it is yourself that I mean; you—of whom I have certain information, that you dined to-day with Julia: forgot me in the midst of your merriment, and even blushed when my name was mentioned, as if you had been ashamed of

our acquaintance. These, indeed, were insignificant trifles, in the manner I heard them first repeated; but they are now no longer trifles, since you thought it was necessary to conceal them from me. Begone, sir, and never again come in my sight. *(About to go.)*

Bendorf. (Stopping her.) Amelia, dearest Amelia, only hear me. I am guilty, I own it; but forgive me an error, which I committed, by seeking to atone for one that was more trifling.

Amelia. Oh! to be sure, very trifling! the man who wishes to be called my bridegroom, goes and flatters with a thousand fine speeches, the vanity of a coquetish girl, between whom and me, he well knows, that there has long subsisted a mutual antipathy: he pretends to feel the greatest reluctance at the thoughts of paying her a visit of compliment, and yet stays a whole day with her; makes not only a jest of my departure, but wishes to keep all this a secret from me. What lengths will not the husband go, when the lover behaves in this manner? What reasons could you have had, for seeking artful inventions to deceive me, if your heart had not told you, how very faulty your conduct had been? Farewell, comfort yourself with Julia in my absence; for I will employ every possible means to come back with a heart wholly indifferent.

At these words, she abruptly left him, and hurried into an adjoining apartment. It was to no purpose that Bendorf sought to follow her; he found the door bolted on the inside—it was to no purpose that he stood before it, and he begged for only two minutes audience; neither voice nor answer was returned. He swore he would never quit the spot: a scornful laugh was the sole reply; a laugh which expressed all the bitterness of contempt. While he still persisted to beg and supplicate, he heard a bustle at the outward door, hastened to the window, and saw Amelia, who had gone down stairs by a private passage, step into the carriage, and drive off, with a quickness that showed she was afraid of being followed.

It would be a vain attempt to justify Amelia's conduct: but if the reader will figure to himself, a girl who loves for the first time; whose propensity to jealousy is very strong; who sees herself neglected by her bridegroom, in the very instance in which she valued his attention most; and over and above all this, who feels herself insulted and abused with a falsehood; if the reader, I say, will consider these things, he will perhaps be more ready to excuse her.

Bendorf, on the other hand, who looked upon himself as at least one half less criminal than his angry mistress had thought proper to make him, when he saw her gone, stood at first for some seconds, fixed as a statue, then threw himself upon a sopha that was near him; and without perhaps making the least impression upon the yielding materials of which it was composed, sprung suddenly up again, and exclaimed: "Now, by ——! this is too much! I'll be cursed if I stay here like a beaten spaniel, crouching, and whimpering, and begging pardon." While he spoke thus, he was already half way down stairs; the carriage was out of sight, and he proceeded, with a sort of mechanical intention, to calm his spirits by means of a walk, till he came to the bridge, while he perplexed himself to no purpose, to find out who could have betrayed him.

It was natural that a man, who at all times saw but indifferently, should, on the present occasion, see scarcely any at all; should run foul of every body he met, and seek to avoid them, without seeing any thing but their shoe-buckles; and should be as far from saluting others, as from thanking those by whom he was saluted. In this manner he was hurrying along, and fell in about the middle of the bridge, with a whole company of well-drest women. He was already some paces beyond them, when he heard a loud laughter behind him, and distinguished the following words: "No, no, the dreamer must not pass so!"—"By no means," added a half-learned coxcomb, "though he should even entreat us, like Archimedes, to leave his darling circle undisturbed." Bendorf, now looking about, was surprized to see Julia and her whole company, who were engaged in that very walk, in which he had been formerly invited to join; he turned round, and apologized for his inattention.

"Not the least occasion for that," interrupted Julia, with a smile. "Are you not a bridegroom, a lover, and a scholar? One of these characters alone would give you a sufficient claim to inattention. But have you taken leave of Amelia already?"

Bendorf, with some difficulty, stammered out, "Yes;" while Julia looked at him with a penetrating glance, and smiled at the visible confusion he was in: he was again asked to be of the party, and readily accepted the invitation. His resentment at the late conduct of Amelia, arrayed Julia in double charms: she, though already provided with an attendant, secured him on her other hand, and her whole discourse was again directed to him. While they were thus conversing and walking along, a carriage drove up behind them; they looked up, and Julia exclaimed: "Aha, there is your Miss Mildau: quick, off with your hat, Mr. Celadon." A new shock for poor Bendorf, who looked as silly as a truant boy, caught by his master in the very fact: and took off his hat, by a sort of involuntary impulse, without scarcely believing his eyes. It was, however, but too surely Amelia. She had taken up a female friend, and loitered a few minutes with her. Her road then lay across the bridge: she knew him at a considerable distance, and putting on one of the most scornful glances, which her mild countenance was able to assume, leaned out of the carriage, and called to him as it drove past: "I am glad to see you in such good company—I will keep the promise I made you at parting."

"Does every thing then conspire for my destruction?" exclaimed Bendorf, forgetting where he was.

"For your destruction?" asked Julia, hastily. "How can that be, my dear friend? Have you had any quarrel with Amelia? Not, I hope, on my account!"

"God forbid!"

"I should be extremely sorry if that were the case—I know Amelia's temper; she is as jealous as a spaniard: it arises, indeed, from pure love; but still she is rather too jealous. Perhaps your staying so long with me ——"

"Not at all, fairest Julia, had I had any quarrel with Amelia, I must have been a little out of humor; yet I never recollect being in better spirits—you shall be judge yourself."

"Well, I take you at your word."

And she did so effectually—her sprightliness and wit, soon dispelled the clouds that surrounded him: he fell into that extravagant vivacity, which is commonly adopted to conceal vexation; from the natural tendency to dissimulation, to advance a step or two beyond what is necessary. Sally after sally, sprightly repartees, and peals of laughter, followed close upon one another, till at last, he was actually what he only wished to appear, in the best humor possible; as there are men, who after having played the drunkard for some time, at last actually feel themselves intoxicated.

(To be continued)

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

From Wolfe's Sketches.

DURING my short stay at Florence, I was somewhat surprised one morning, while at breakfast, by a visit from a young man, whom I immediately recognized to be Charles ———. Many years had elapsed since his abrupt departure from England. His history being peculiarly interesting, I shall take the liberty of here inserting it. Engaged in commerce at an early age, and taken into the house of his uncle, an eminent merchant in London, his prospects in life were most flattering. From his abilities, his attention, and improvement, Charles became the favorite, and was at length considered as heir to his uncle's large possessions. A partner in the same house, who was a man of superior sense, but addicted to extravagant vices blighted this fair prospect almost in the bud! He was married to a depraved but beautiful woman, with whom he had formerly lived on easier terms. Led on in defiance of frequent serious remonstrances from one act of expensive dissipation to another, his debts accumulated in an alarming degree, which he still hoped to discharge by means of the gaming table. Surrounded by titled black-legs, and wary sharpers, he engaged on unequal terms, and increased those debts which, in honor, he became obliged to pay without delay, or even investigation. The wife either knew not, or heeded not, the private circumstances of her husband. She saw her house filled with the best company: gave expensive entertainments, and resorted with avidity to every public amusement which had the power of chasing away reflection and care. The husband, eager to alleviate the stings of conscience arising from the neglect of a young family, plunged still deeper into riot and profusion, and paid no longer any attention to the concerns of his mercantile affairs, which had hitherto been in a very flourishing situation. His partner, an easy old man of independent property who never quitted his arm-chair, was not made acquainted with the excesses of Mr. ——— till intelligence from their bankers arrived, stating, that not only the funds of the house were exhausted, but that, from an unusual grant of credit, they had permitted themselves to be consideraby overdrawn. The affairs of the house thus involved, the most prompt and speedy measures became necessary, to save their falling credit.—A consultation was held, and a proposition made, and adopted, to employ the talents of young Charles, who was a proficient in the art of drawing, in forging the names of some eminent mercantile houses on foreign bills, and thereby raise an immediate supply. Charles, seduced into the practice of this expedient by the treacherous spendthrift, unknowingly committed an act, by which, agreeable to the laws of his country, his life became forfeited. He succeeded so well in the art of imitation, that a second attempt was shortly after made for raising a more considerable sum. In negociating the bills, however, a discovery took place, which instantly obliged the parties to seek safety in flight. Not a moment was now to be lost; Charles was made acquainted with the duplicity that had been practised upon him, and being hurried into a carriage, wherein a few valuables had been hastily packed up, departed immediately with Mr. ——— for Dover. They embarked in the packet, and arrived safe on the continent. Continuing their route, they proceeded to the South of France, where they took up their residence, and remained concealed, unknowing and unknown.

In the mean time the uncle, confined with the gout, was left to support all the horrors of his situation. Bankruptcy ensued, and a disposition manifested on the part of the persons who had been duped, and were the chief sufferers, to have the infirm old man arrested, operated as his death-warrant. In a few hours he was found lifeless in his bed, not without strong suspicion of having taken poison.—The sequel of these acts of depravity and guilt was no less fatal to the beautiful but frail Mrs. ———; who being, in consequence of her husband's elopement, deprived of pecuniary resources, and not inclined to follow or share his fate in a foreign country, accepted an offer, that was shortly after made her, of living with a man of fashion.—Supported by his liberality, her extravagance now became unbounded; but her reign of pleasure was short. Tired of her charms, he quitted his mistress in a few weeks, and left her wholly destitute of future support. One lover succeeded another, till her abandoned conduct soon reduced her to a state of poverty, misery, and contempt; her health had likewise been considerably impaired, and, without making one commendable effort to gain a livelihood by industrious means, she sunk from poverty to guilt, and at length attempted to retrieve her fortunes by a deed of unexampled wickedness and cruelty. She had a daughter! a beautiful girl of sixteen, in whose countenance every sweet and gentle virtue was portrayed; the bloom of health was marked on her features, and sensibility evinced itself in her every action. But alas! how often are the children of promise doomed, in the spring of life, to mourn

——— Their blossoms blasted in the bud!

Upon this maiden flower, just expanding into bloom, fell the rude storm of adversity,

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shook all its buds from blowing ———

Julia? It was mine to see thee but once! yet pity still cherishes a tender recollection of that interview. Thy modest grief! the dignified serenity that sat on thy brow on this trying occasion! could I witness these and not participate in thy sorrows? Sincerely did I share them; and so lasting is the impression of injured excellence, that revolving years have not been able to efface thy image from my mind.

This artless, exemplary girl had been placed in a seminary, far from her mother's contaminating sight: here she dwelt in peace, improving daily in every virtue and accomplishment that could adorn her sex. The mother, mean time

distressed in her circumstances, in proportion to the decay of those charms which now failed to procure her admirers, resolved, for a pecuniary consideration, to sacrifice her too lovely daughter at the same shrine of prostitution to which she had herself been led a willing victim. The thought was no sooner entertained than executed. She quitted the habitation of misery and contempt, and, like an infernal demon, entered the abode of innocence and peace. Julia was claimed, and carried, unresisting and unknowing, to her mother's dwelling; who having, through the means of a common pander of vice, obtained the promise of a large sum from an abandoned reprobate, to whom her daughter was to be sacrificed, disclosed the plan, cloaked under the false garb and specious mask of pleasure, to her own offspring. From so infamous a proposal, even thus colored and disguised, the virtuous, innocent Julia shrank, as at the sight of a basilisk. From arguments and entreaties her mother proceeded to threats, in case a promise of compliance should not be given within the period of a few days. Neither the prayers nor tears of her virtuous daughter, in the mean time, made the smallest impression on the obdurate heart and debased mind of the vicious parent. A sense of filial duty prevented the suffering Julia from disclosing the horrid scheme in agitation. The debauched dotard, who, by dint of bribery, was to triumph over such virtue, saw her in this trying situation, and was just meditating to sieze upon his prey, when, with fearful steps, she flew for relief to a former friend of her father's. She mentioned not her situation such as it was—the dreadful alternative that awaited her—the brink of ruin on which she stood—but only solicited to be reinstated in her former residence, where she might once more find happiness in retirement.—This was readily promised, but, alas! too late to prevent the sad catastrophe that ensued.

Julia returned home, but to what a home! a fiend awaited her arrival! she had to encounter immediate infamy, dishonor, and ruin!!!

Here let me draw a veil over this melancholy history: suffice it to add, that Julia, in the hour of despair, friendless, unprotected, and left to her distracted thoughts, sought refuge in another and a better world. Hers had not been a life of pleasure, but it had been a life of peace and innocence; could then her unsullied mind bear up against the stigma of vice, the scorn of the severely virtuous, of such whose hearts had never possessed half her innate modesty or worth, yet to whose slights and contumely she must have been hourly exposed! Her soul shrank from the prospect; urged by despair, she hurried from her mother's blasting sight; and bereft of reason, rushed unbidden into the presence of her Maker! Poor Julia! and shall a deed committed in the hour when reason was overpowered by the phrenzy of despair, cancel the purity of thy life, unmarked almost by error? Ah, no! the many acts of virtue thou hast done shall plead for thee at the throne of Mercy, and thou mayest still look down and witness the tear of sympathy I shed on thy sorrows and untimely fate. Peace to thy manes! sweet Julia.

ON FEMALE ACQUIREMENTS.

[From the Boston Weekly Magazine.]

I TAKE the liberty of expressing my sentiments upon a subject often written and spoken upon—and prompted by the desire of doing justice, I have ventured to advance my opinion, in opposition to many.—Ignorance and pedantry, is the opposition to which I allude, knowing men of understanding and benevolence, will be liberal and candid.—Young men, just emerging from a collegiate life into the world, without mind enough to possess original ideas, or soul to be liberal, to give themselves an air of importance, descant upon the old subject of the duties and inferiority of woman—and continue, in the same strain, until experience stops them; (for I have known it make even a fool comparatively wise) then in the decline of life, from repeated mortifications, most of them under the name of misanthropes, rail against all creation—others, with more sense, confess their error, and become amiable and respected.—I yesterday heard the sentiments (which led to these observations) of a gentleman of sense, upon the female sex; which, while they excited my indignation, I could not help inwardly allowing, from the want of education, were too true. Nature has formed the sexes upon an equality in mind; I am not so illiberal as to assert either is the superior, but place them originally upon an equal footing. Man, from his infancy is taught to feel the blessings of an education, that forms as it elevates the mind, and awakens feelings that might forever have laid dormant but for timely exertion; he is taught not only to know *what* exists, but upon what principles; and from thence his mind becomes enlarged, and open to instruction. Girls on the contrary, (in general) are either kept half their lives in the nursery, or else, left to the care of women, who can only teach them to use their needle—to hold up their heads; to simper, and in time, to play a few tunes on the harpsichord—which, to the annoyance of most present, they perform in all companies; for though the compliment is often urged, a compliance is seldom desired.—Undoubtedly domestic concerns ought to be made part of the education of a female; but when they are not merely made *part*, but the *whole*, how despicable is her life, and how little worth preserving—instead of being the friend and companion of man, she is incapable of either, but far, far below him; for if he loves her, it is with the fondness of a baby, not a friend—as a play thing, to divert time, which he throws aside when tired; and if he is indifferent to her, his silent contempt, is nearly as bad as his foolish fondness. How much better would it then be, were females educated, in order to make useful and ornamental members of society; by teaching them to know the true value of an independent mind—they would then be able to feel the beauties around them, with an enthusiasm otherways unknown to them. It would fortify them, in a great measure, against pain either of mind or body; and far from rendering them pedantic, (which is only the case when a person is superficially educated) they would be modest and easy in their manners and conversation, dignified and graceful in their appearance—instead of endeavoring to captivate by their personal charms, they would prefer the more sure and lasting beauties of the mind. If the situation of a lady in life is such, as not to enable her to acquire by instruction from others, the erudition she would wish, there are always books to be procured, if she is inclined, that will, by perseverance, soon give her a taste for knowledge, which will become her darling pursuit——for I know instances of self-taught people, who make a much better figure in life, then many who have been half their lives surround-

ed by instructors of every description. I have lately become acquainted with a lady, who really combines delicacy with humor and good sense; her conversation is spirited, amusing, and instructive—she is a lady of reading, and a comprehensive mind; yet from not being *thoroughly* educated, her manners have an apparent levity in them, though not disagreeable to her friends, gain her many enemies. *They* consider her, affected and pedantic, her own sex *partly* from envy, and the other from not sufficiently knowing her: as where she has friends, they are warm in her praise, who pass over her slight defects, and dwell only on her excellencies—and had she *earlier* have had the advantages of a first education, (which she appears late to have endeavored to acquire) she would in all probability, have been an ornament to any country in which she resided. I do not mean to imply, that women should, in *every respect*, receive the same education as man, to play foot ball, and jump rope; (as the delicacy of their sex should always be preserved) but they should be able to understand every subject that is introduced, and they presume to speak upon. Want of that knowledge it is that makes gentlemen speak to ladies in the light manner they generally do: When I see a gentleman coming towards a lady, I am sure to hear at first the everlasting expressions upon the weather, or the charms of the country, and then languishingly, walk off to the next lady, with the same expressions. This conduct proceeding from fools, might in some degree be excused, but when men of sense so far degrade themselves, (as I have seen them) it cannot be from inclination, but want of respect for the understanding of the lady to whom they address themselves. I would not have it supposed I am an advocate for female independence. No, I am convinced that a woman cannot be entirely independent of man without the loss of reputation—she must, in some instances, look up to him as her protector; for man is seldom so led away by the enthusiasm of fancy, as woman: and therefore has more of reason upon his side. A man also has better opportunities of seeing the world, and of course ought to know more of human nature. A woman, who respects and loves her husband, will consent to be guided by him through life, in the most trivial things, as well as the most important, doing in every situation what she hopes will meet with his approbation. Vanity is said to be the predominant quality of the female sex; every one must know what they possess, the virtue is in not appearing to know it, which education will soon effect.

I know a person, who, with every personal beauty, combines an apparent unconsciousness that surprises the beholder——but which, upon a closer view, is perceived to be the effect of a superior mind and education, as the motion of the mouth renders evident, that the person is conscious of deserving admiration; but a mind so well informed and elevated, that in knowing the individual, we pass over the external graces as secondary possessions; which will ever be the case were there *is* mind.—Let me beg then, for the honor of human nature, that women would attend more to the cultivation of their minds, that they may be dignified without formality; which has no more connexion with dignity, than haughtiness has with proper pride, which will never stoop to do a mean action, though I have known a haughty person do many. To be truly dignified, they should be modest, affable, and resolute in their conduct—

"Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
"Intent to reason, or polite to please.

If fops and pedants pretend to talk of *the inferiority of women*, let them be despised and pitied, not disputed with; for it is that they seek, and that should be avoided: I cannot think exactly with Helvetius, that nature has made *no* distinction; for she certainly has been very unequal in her gifts to both sexes—some we behold the *brightest ornaments* of creation, while others, with the same advantages, appear hardly of the same species; though that, in a great measure, may be owing to themselves, as where a person is desirous of being great, they will in some degree accomplish it.

A gentleman, a short time since, asserted to me with the greatest gravity, that coquetry was characteristic of the female sex; finding he was not to be convinced to the contrary, I was silent upon the subject, though regretting to hear so despicable a crime, ascribed to one half of the creation—knowing that a woman of sense and education, is above practising the arts of coquetry, and would despise the admiration of flattery which those arts could alone excite. She seeks first the approbation of her own heart, and next the esteem of the wise and worthy. She returns the fulsome adulation of the shallow coxcomb with a smile of contempt. And the insidious sophistry of the libertine, with a glance of indignant scorn. Satisfied with striving to deserve respect, she leaves it to the vain and superficial, to spread their gossomer nets, to attract the admiration of insects as vain and superficial as themselves.

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ANECDOTES.

A CERTAIN man went to a derveish, and proposed three questions: first, "Why do they say that God is omnipresent? I do not see him in any place, show me where he is?" Second, "Why is man punished for crimes, since whatever he does proceeds from God; man has no free-will, for he cannot do any thing contrary to the will of God; and if he had power, he would do every thing for his own good." Third, "How can God punish Satan in hell fire, since he is formed of that element; and what impression can fire make on itself?—The derveish took up a large clod of earth, and struck him on the head with it. The man went to the cazy, and said, "I proposed three questions to such a derveish, who flung a clod of earth at my head, which made my head ache." The cazy having sent for the derveish, asked, "Why did you throw a clod of earth at his head, instead of answering his questions?" The derveish replied, "The clod of earth was an answer to his speech: he says, he has a pain in his head, let him show where it is, and I will make God visible to him: and why does he exhibit a complaint against me? whatever I did was the act of God; I did not strike him without the will of God; what power do I possess? and as he is compounded of earth, how can he suffer pain from that element?" The man was confounded, and the cazy highly pleased with the derveish's answer.

In a storm at sea, Mr. Swain, chaplain of the Rutland, asked one of the crew, if he thought there was any danger? O yes, replied the sailor, if it blows as hard as it does now, we shall all be in heaven before twelve o'clock to night. The chaplain, terrified at the expression, cried out, *O God forbid!*

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, June 4th 1803.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 32 persons during the week ending on the 29th ult. of whom 21 were adults and 11 children: viz. of—phthisis pulmonalis 2—sudden death 1—small pox 1—pleurisy 2—fits 2—consumption 5—remittant fever 1—dropsy 1—dysentery 1—drowned 1—and 15 of disorders not mentioned.

Warren, (R. I.) May 26th.

Sunday last arrived at this port the ship Agent, Benjamin Eddy, master, 19 days from Havanna—while there captain E. received the melancholy account from a master of a sloop from Port Rico, viz.——That on the first ult. the sloop Mary, of New-Haven, was running down said Island, bound for St. Domingo; as she drew in with the land, saw a small sloop running towards them: when she was within hail they were requested to furnish the Mary with some water, they answered if they would send their boat on board they would spare them three or four barrels;—as soon as the boat got along side, all the men in her were murdered;——they then left their own sloop and boarded the Mary, killed every person on board, except the captain, whom they spared until they were going into the harbor, when they dispatched him:—A few days after their arrival at Port Rico, having disposed of the cargo, they were in a tavern drinking—being intoxicated they fell into a dispute about the division of their plunder, which a number of persons overhearing, they were immediately apprehended, and owned the facts as above stated.

Professor Palmer, of Wolfenbuttel, has invented a composition to prevent combustible substances, as wood, paper, linen, cotton, &c. from taking fire; it consists of a powder composed of sulphur, red ochre, and copperas. The first experiment was made the 11th of last December, and gave general satisfaction.

A letter from London of the 22d of April, received at Boston, advises, that "in consequence of present appearances, and the general belief that hostilities will immediately take place with France, the rates of insurance have risen to the war premiums."

A woman in St. Pancras (France) was lately delivered of a child with three eyes, one of which was placed in the middle of the forehead. The child died soon after its birth.

Dr. Baira, a physician of Fojano, in Tuscany, has discovered, that by the addition of three ounces of pulverized quick lime, to one pound of gunpowder, its force is augmented one third. No farther preparation is required but to boil the whole together till the surface no longer appears white.

THEATRICAL REGISTER
FOR 1803.

FRIDAY, May 27.

THE FAIR FUGITIVE, *Richardson.*—*and* THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.—*For the Benefit of Mrs. Hodgkinson.*

MONDAY, May 30.

This evening commenced the *Summer Season*, with the Prelude of, THE GOOD NEIGHBOR, *W. Dunlap.—and Rope Dancing, by Signor Manfredi.— after which the Tragedy of the* TOURNAMENT,—*Maria Starke.*

During the Benefits. we have uniformly withheld our strictures respecting either the *plays* or *performance*, because the haste with which they are necessarily gotten up, prevents justice from being done to the one, and renders incorrectness inevitable in the other—A few remarks which do not relate immediately to either; but which regards the general interest of theatrics, we conceive in the present instance, not altogether irrevelant to our design.

It is always a pleasing circumstance, to observe the efforts of industry rewarded; and services which have been devoted to the public amusement, receiving a share of public liberality. The Actor certainly merits in a peculiar degree, this species of consideration. They are vastly in the wrong, who would think to feed him on the *cameleon* diet of applause, and who imagine him to be destitute of sensibility, to circumstances which too generally arise out of his situation. However the profession may have been villified by the perverseness of prejudice or caprice, its importance in the scale of virtue and of science, will forever secure to it a share of public estimation; and the example which it has furnished in the person of a Shakespeare and a Garrick, a Henderson and a Kemble, protect it from the attacks of a bigotted malevolence.

We are happy to observe that the public this Season, have not merely confined their good opinion to the cheap tribute of applause; they have given to our Performers a most splendid and flattering patronage. But while we are gratified in observing the emoluments which have arisen to reward *their* exertions; we cannot but lament the inattention of the public to one person whose efforts have been more arduous, and whose duties are infinitely more severe. The management of a theatre, has in itself little lucrative or inviting. The last season has been to the gentleman who is at present the conductor of our own, an uniform succession of losses. It required no doubt all the philosophy he was possessed of, to support without retiring, circumstances so peculiarly injurious; and he was perhaps not a little consoled in anticipating the closing benevolence of his friends—a benevolence which should reimburse those monies he had wasted in attempts to please them—But cruel as had been the losses which succeeded each other throughout the season; discouraging as was the neglect which had thrown on himself the burthen of their amusement for the winter, it must have been still more cruel and discouraging, in his last appeal to justice and beneficence, to have met with the cold return of a thin and unprofitable assembly. In this case, many of us look no farther than to immediate instruments of our pleasures; nor consider that efforts tho' curtained from observation, are not less worthy of reward.

The office of Manager, in a theatre like ours, while it is essential to its existence, requires a large share of *talents* as well as *activity*. In reducing the emoluments of the station, we place it beneath the attention of such, as alone are calculated to fill it. When instead of *emolument*, *losses* the most heavy and

continued present themselves; every hand will shrink from the fatal burthen, and our theatre be left to the sport of casual speculation. Our plays must sink into buffoonery; the stage become the vehicle of lasciviousness; and science and virtue be no longer the attendants of an institution, which is peculiarly calculated for their support.

Nor is it merely considerations of a pecuniary nature, which render the offices of a manager so hazardous and painful. Sensibility of a nobler sort embitters the potion. The attentions of the public, have on these occasions, and by persons in similar situations, been always considered the criterions of their esteem. And however unjust may be the general principle; yet neglect in circumstances so peculiar, must even be painful to a generous mind.

Far be it from us, to consider the actors as undeserving of public beneficence, or to criminate the tribute which this season has so justly bestowed on their talents; we would censure only that exclusive attention; that partial and unwise policy; which while it has regard to the subordinate members of the machine, neglects the *primum mobile* of its revolutions.

We are happy to observe that it is the manager's intention to gratify us with a few more dramatic repasts. Ever anxious to please, he has procured the exertions of *Signor Manfredi* as auxiliary to his design; and surely public gratitude will not suffer him in this last *sortie*, to be *repulsed with loss*. Total reimbursement he cannot expect; but that very circumstance renders our attentions the more seasonable and necessary.

Signor Manfredi displayed on Monday and Wednesday evenings, feats of the most astonishing activity. Never have we witnessed applause more general or reiterated—an applause which seemed to be the involuntary tribute of admiration and astonishment.

Mr. Cooper it seems has been received at London with considerable eclat; but as Mr. Kemble is lately returned; such is the partiality of the public to that admirable actor, that Mr. Cooper with whose manner they have not yet become familiar, will probably find himself a successless rival. His return therefore may perhaps be expected in the course of the summer, as "*aut Cæsar aut nullus*" was his motto.

WEDNESDAY, June 1.

SPANISH BARBER, *translated from the French of* BEAUMARCHAIS, *by Mr. Colman.—and* THE WAGS OF WINDSOR, *G. Colman.*

HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOV.

Marriages.

On Tuesday morning, Frederick De Peyster, esq. merchant, of this city, to Miss Ann Beekman, only daughter of Gerrard G. Beekman, esq. of Beekman's Mills.

On Friday last week, Mr. John Crawford, of this city, merchant, to Miss Silence Davenport, of that place.

On Thursday evening, last week, Mr. Gershom Smith, merchant, to Miss Ann Morton.

At Troy, on Saturday, the 21st ult. captain Labin Gardner, of this city, to Miss Phebe Vail, of that place.

On the 19th ult. at Johnstown. William A. Reid, of that place, to Miss Jane Henry, of this city.

At Scarborough, (Mass.) on the 17th ult. Mr. Walter Bowne, merchant, of this city, to Miss Eliza Southgate, of that place.

In Hudson, Thomas Jenkins, esq. Mayor of that city, to Mrs. Peggy Hussey, of the same place.

Death.

At Philadelphia, on the 1st inst. Ellen Mendenhall, aged 26, daughter of Thomas Mendenhall, merchant.

JAMES EVERDELL,

Professor of music, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed to No. 90, Chamber-street, and that he continues to give instructions (at home and abroad) on all kinds of string and wind instruments.

WHAITES & CHARTERS,
PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,
Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.
N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

DRAWING SCHOOL.
JARVIS AND WOOD,

Respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that they have taken the spacious apartments late Chilton's Academy, *two doors east from the* Theatre, Broadway, *where they hope by their united exertions, and a strict attention to their profession, to merit the future encouragement of the public.*

FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual in the neatest style of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, *No. 22, Stones-street.*

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, June 6th,
will be presented,
A comedy, in 5 acts,
CALLED,
The way to get Married.

To which will be added,
A NEW PANTOMIME,
Got up under the direction of Signor Manfredi, called, The
EMBARRASSMENTS
OF HARLEQUIN.

In which will be introduced
A VARIETY OF TRICKS AND DECEPTIONS.

With additional new
SCENERY AND DECORATIONS.

FOR THE VISITOR.

TO MISS H. S. H.

OF NEW LONDON.

BLEST is the muse when *Beauty* points the way,
Should sceptred *Virtue* claim an equal lay;
And while enraptur'd Fancy sweeps the lyre,
Truth own the strain; tho' zeal imparts its fire.
No invocations then provoke the *Nine*,
Nor graces labor thro' the labor'd line,
Enamor'd feeling boasts a sanction'd sway,
And the same charms that prompt, inspire the lay.
Thus while *Arynthia's* soul-inspiring mein,
Thrills thro' each nerve, and wakes the timid strain;
Still swells the theme, on worth and virtue higher,
And the mind's charms exalt the poet's fire.
Transporting nymph! why blest with twofold pow'r,
Sit'st thou the mistress of th' unrivall'd hour?
Why with a form well fram'd to wake the sigh,
And kindle *love* in *admiration's* eye;
Has Heav'n too partial boon'd still higher grace,
An angel nature to an angel face?
Long may those *virtues* bloom in Fortune's ray,
And fav'ring *fancy* gild thy closing day;
Calm as the *Lehigh's* far embosom'd glade,
Where first those virtues grew; where first that fancy play'd!

ALEXIS.

LINES TO THADDEUS.

FAREWEL! lov'd youth; for still I hold thee dear,
Though thou hast left me friendless and alone;
Still, still, thy name recals the heartfelt tear
That hastes Matilda to her wish'd-for home.

Why leave the wretch thy perfidy hath made
To journey cheerless thro' the world's wide waste?
Say, why so soon does all thy kindness fade,
And doom me thus Affliction's cup to taste?

Ungen'rous deed!...to fly the faithful maid
Who for thy arms abandon'd ev'ry friend;
Oh! cruel thought, that virtue, thus betray'd,
Should feel a pang that death alone can end.

Yet I'll not chide thee....and, when hence you roam,
Should my sad fate one tear of pity move....
Ah! then, return; this bosom's still thy home;
And all thy failings I'll repay with love.

Believe me, dear, at midnight, or at morn,
In vain exhausted nature strives to rest;
Thy absence plants my pillow with a thorn,
And bids me hope no more on earth for rest.

But if, unkindly, you refuse to hear,
And from despair thy lost Matilda save,
Ah don't deny one tributary tear
To glisten sweetly o'er my early grave!

MATILDA.

SONG.

IF I swear by that eye, you'll allow
Its look is so shifting and new,
That the oath I might take on it now,
The very next glance would undo.

Those babies that nestle so sly,
Such different arrows have got,
That an oath on the glance of an eye,
Such as your's may be off in a shot.

Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
Though each moment the treasure renews,
If my constancy wishes to trip,
I may kiss off the oath when I choose.

Or a sigh may disperse from that flow'r
The dew and the oath that are there;
And I'd make a new vow ev'ry hour
To lose them so sweetly in air.

But clear up the heav'n of your brow,
Nor fancy my faith is a feather;
On my heart I will pledge you my vow,
And they must be both broken together.

ANACREON.

ODE XXIV.

TO all that breathe the airs of Heav'n
Some boon of strength has Nature giv'n:
When the majestic bull was born,
She fenc'd his brow with wreathed horn;
She arm'd the courser's foot of air,
And wing'd with speed the panting hare;
She gave the lion fangs of terror;
And, on the ocean's chrystal mirror,
Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plum'd the warbling world of love.
To man she gave the flame refin'd,
The spark of Heav'n....a thinking mind.
And had she no surpassing treasure
For thee, O woman!....child of Pleasure?
She gave thee beauty....shaft of eyes
That ev'ry shaft of war out-flies;
She gave thee beauty....blush of fire,
That bids the flames of war retire.
Woman! be fair....we must adore thee;
Smile....and a world is weak before thee.

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

NEW MUSIC.

J. HEWITT, (Musical Repository, No. 59, Maiden Lane) has received by the Oneida Chief, and other vessels from London, a large assortment of PIANO FORTES, of various descriptions, with additional Keys.—Also, the following NEW SONGS;

The peerless Maid of Butternere---Evelina's Lullaby---Poor Mary----The Village Coquette----Once happy in a peaceful House---Ye Powers that rule without control---The sweet little Girl of the Lakes---The Rose, the sweet blooming Rose---Tarry awhile with me my Love----The mutual Sigh----The Sailor's welcome home--Mutual Bliss--the loud and clear-ton'd Nightingale---the Kiss---the Cake Man---a pretty Week's Work---The fair Huntress---the Blackbird---the humble thatch'd Cottage in the Village of Love---Adown, adown, in the Valley----Little sinning's in Love---- Poor Ellen---the Pilot that moor'd us in peace---At Morning's Dawn the Hunters rise---An envious Sigh shall ne'er escape----the poor little Child of a Tar---- With a great variety of Music for different instruments.

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